As though on thinking on no thought I thinke,
Makes me with heavy nothing faint and shrinke.
Bush. 'Tis nothing but conceit (my gracious Lady.)
Qu. 'Tis nothing lesse: conceit is still deriu'd
From some fore father greefe, mine is not so,
For nothing hath begot my something griefe,
Or something, hath the nothing that I grieve,
'Tis in reversion that I doe possesse,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameless woe I wot. *Enter Green.*
Gree. Heaven save your Majesty, and well met Gentle-
men;
I hope the King is not yet shipt for Ireland.
Qu. Why hop'st thou so? 'Tis better hope he is:
For his designes crave haste, good hope,
Then wherefore dost thou hope he is not shipt?
Gree. That he our hope, might have retyr'd his power,
And driven into despaire an enemies hope,
Who strongly hath set footing in this Land,
The banish'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himselfe,
And with up-lifted Armes is safe arriu'd
At *Rauenspurg.*
Qu. Now God in heaven forbid.
Gree. O Maddam 'tis too true: and that is worse,
The L. Northumberland, his young sonne, *Henry Percy,*
The Lords of Rosse, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby.*
With all their powerfull friends are fled to him.
Bush. Why have you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the rest of the revolted faction, Traytors?
Gree. We have: whereupon the Earle of Worcester
Hath broke his staffe, resign'd his Stewardship, (*brook*
And all the houshold seruants fled with him to *Bullen.*
Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the Midwife of my woe,
And *Bullingbrooke* my sorrowes dismall heyre:
Now hath my soule brought forth her prodigy,
And I a gasping new delivered mother,
Haue woe to woe, sorrow to sorrow ioyn'd.
Bush. Despaire not Madam.
Qu. Who shall hinder me?

I will

I will despaire, and be at emni
With couzening hope; he is
A Parasite, a keeper backe of de
Who gently would dissolve th
Which false hopes linger in ext
Enter York
Gree. Here comes the Duke
Qu. With signes of warre ab
Oh full of carefull businesse are
Vncle, for heavens sake speake c
Yor. Comfort's in Heaven, an
Where nothing lives but crosses
Your husband he is gone to sa
Whilst others come to make hi
Here am I left to underprop his
Who weake with age, cannot su
Now comes his sicke houre that
Now shall he try his friends tha
Enter a Serv
Ser. My Lord, your sonne wa
Yor. He was: why so, goe a
The Nobles they are fled, the C
And will I feare revolt on *Here*
Sirra, get thee to Plashy to my
Bid her send me presently a thou
Hold, take my Ring.
Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordship, to day I
But I shall grieve you to report
Yor. What is't knave?
Ser. An houre before I came,
Yo. Heaven for his mercy, wh
Come rushing on this wofull L
I know not what to doe: I wo
(So my vntruth hath not provo
The King had cut off my head w
What, are there postes dispatch
How shall we doe for money fo

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